SPECIAL ISSUE: "PANIC" MADE TO LOOK LIKE GOSSIP-TYPE RAG NOW ON STANDS!

EC AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

NO. 9
2.50
4.00
CANADA

Comicfidential

DIGS UP THE DIRT AND DROPS THE NAMES

MAR

LOWDOWN: CAN SUPERMAN REALLY LEAP TALL BUILDINGS AT A SINGLE BOUND?

EXPOSED: THE TRUTH BEHIND DICK TRACY'S BLACK SUIT

WHY SMILIN' JACK IS ALWAYS SMILING

DOES WALTER WINCHELL READ COMICS?

DOCTORS IN COMIC STRIPS DEPT. (AVERAGE DOSAGE: BLACK AND WHITE DAILY... IN COLOR ON SUNDAY! DIVISION): WE OF *PANIC* ARE PROUD TO PAY HOMAGE TO THOSE GALLANT MEN WHO, IN THEIR RELENTLESS SEARCH FOR NEW ILLS TO CONQUER, GO ABOUT THEIR DAILY TASK OF COMFORTING THE SICK AND DISHEARTENED WITH QUIET DETERMINATION, BRINGING HOPE TO THE SHUT-IN, HELP TO THE SUFFERING, AND JOY TO THE MISERABLE! AND THOSE GALLANT MEN *ARE*... THE WRITER AND ARTIST OF THAT POPULAR SYNDICATED NEWSPAPER STRIP..*

Rx MIGRANE M.D.

BLADDER, GALLSTONE & ELDER

DOCTOR MIGRANE...CALL SURGERY! DOCTOR Rx MIGRANE...CALL SURGERY!

STEREOPHONIC SOUND CO.

GOSH, THERE'S NO *REST* FOR THE *WEARY*, IS THERE, DOCTOR MIGRANE?

THE *HECK* THERE'S NOT! DOCTOR *WEARY* SPENDS SIX MONTHS A YEAR IN *BERMUDA!*

NOW AUDITIONING FOR TELEVISION PROGRAM "MEDIC" — IN ROOM 711

FROM HERE TO MATERNITY →

WARD BOND

ANYONE WHO FAILS THE "SCHICK TEST" WILL REPORT TO THE PSYCHOPATHIC WARD RM. 21

BULLETIN BOARD

NOTICE
TEA PARTY BEING HELD IN THE ALCOHOLICS WARD...
ON X-C THIS WEEK-
DR. SHUTZ
DR. ZIPPO
DR. ULCER
LOST

MAGAZINES
MIS-FORTUNE
GAY
PANIC
MAGAZINES OF 1927

LUNCH

*THE COMIC STRIP, THAT IS!

PLEASE HURRY, DOCTOR MIGRANE! YOU'RE WANTED FOR AN URGENT CONSULTATION!

Rx

EHH... *WHAT'S UP*, DOC? *CHOMP... CHOMP...*

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE *HERE*, Rx! YOU *MUST HELP ME* MAKE AN *IMPORTANT DECISION!*

TREE SURGERY

I HATE TO KEEP *BOTHERING* YOU LIKE THIS, Rx, BUT THIS TYPE OF THING IS YOUR *SPECIALTY!* I WANTED AN *EXPERT'S* ADVICE BEFORE I WENT AHEAD!

MMGHFH...*

*LATIN FOR: "IT'S *TOO TIGHT, IDIOT!*"

Panic (USPS 009306) Vol. 1, No. 9, March 1999. Published quarterly by Gemstone Publishing, #4 Court Square, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. **Periodicals postage paid at West Plains, MO.** Entire contents © 1999 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Panic #8 © 1955 by Tiny Tot Comics, Inc., re © 1981 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate $10 ($16 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in Canada. **Postmaster: send address changes to Panic, Gemstone, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.**

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH THE *TONGUE*, Rx?

I'D LEAVE IT *ALONE!*

HOW ABOUT THE *BRAINS?*

HMMM! DOESN'T *LOOK* TOO GOOD TO *ME!*

HOW ABOUT THE *LIVER?*

THAT'S THE *WURST OF ALL!*

WHAT DO YOU *THINK*, Rx? WHAT SHOULD I *DO?*

I'D TAKE OUT THE *KIDNEY*, WITHOUT A DOUBT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D *DO* WITHOUT YOU TO *ADVISE* ME ON THESE THINGS, Rx!

ONE CAN'T BE *TOO CAREFUL* ABOUT THE *FOODS* ONE EATS, *CAN* ONE?

I DIDN'T WORK IN A *BUTCHER SHOP* ALL THOSE YEARS FOR *NOTHING*, BWAH!

MUNCH CHOMP

MANNY'S LUNCHEONETTE ALL KINDS SANDWICHES

WHY NOT STAY HERE AND HAVE *LUNCH* WITH ME, Rx? I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT MY *LATEST OPERATION*...

I'D *LIKE* TO STAY AND *TALK CHOP*, MORT, BUT I PROMISED A PATIENT I'D VISIT HIM TODAY!

OKAY! *SUTURE* SELF!

SURGICAL DIPLOMA OUCH!

WATER CLOSET

DR. MORT U. ARY HEAD SURGEON

OH, IT'S *YOU*, DOCTOR MIGRANE! WHY ON EARTH DIDN'T YOU COME IN THROUGH THE *FRONT* DOOR?

I DIDN'T WANT TO TRACK UP YOUR LIVING ROOM! MY *FEET* ARE *AWFULLY DIRTY!*

WELL, JUST KEEP YOUR *SHOES* ON, AND NO ONE WILL KNOW THE *DIFFERENCE!*

I'M *SORRY* TO MAKE YOU DRIVE ALL THE WAY OUT, DOCTOR!

OH, *THAT'S* ALL RIGHT! I HAVE *ANOTHER* PATIENT RIGHT UP THE BLOCK. THIS WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO *KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!*

1955 MARCH 1955

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

MRS. FAFOOFNICK! I *DON'T* LIKE THE WAY YOUR HUSBAND *LOOKS!*

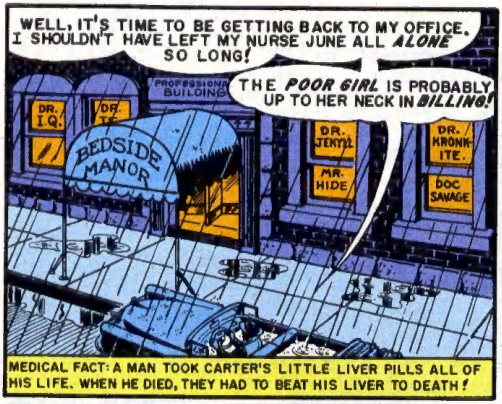
NEITHER DO I, BUT HE'S *GOOD* TO THE *CHILDREN!*

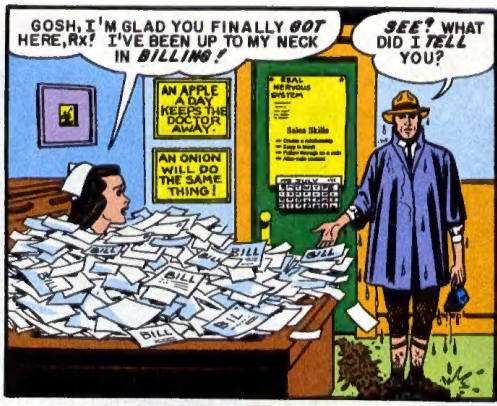
HE MUST HAVE *ABSOLUTE PEACE AND QUIET!* I DON'T WANT *ANYTHING* TO *UPSET HIM!*

...SO YOU'D BETTER NOT TELL HIM HOW MUCH I *CHARGE!*

18 MIGRANE BILL

$15.00


WELL, IT'S TIME TO BE GETTING BACK TO MY OFFICE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT MY NURSE JUNE ALL ALONE SO LONG!
THE POOR GIRL IS PROBABLY UP TO HER NECK IN BILLING!
PROFESSIONAL BUILDING
DR. I.Q.
DR. Z
BEDSIDE MANOR
DR. JEKYL
MR. HIDE
DR. KRONKITE.
DOC SAVAGE
MEDICAL FACT: A MAN TOOK CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS ALL OF HIS LIFE. WHEN HE DIED, THEY HAD TO BEAT HIS LIVER TO DEATH!


GOSH, I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY GOT HERE, RX! I'VE BEEN UP TO MY NECK IN BILLING!
SEE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.
AN ONION WILL DO THE SAME THING!
REAL NERVOUS SYSTEM
Sales Skills
BILL
BILL
BILL
BILL

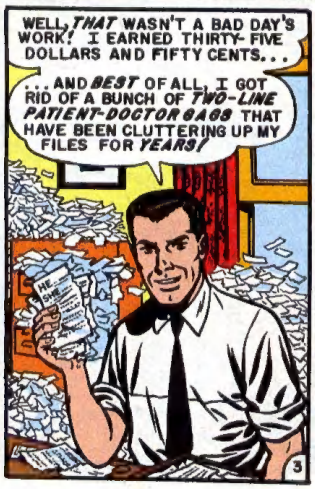
SEND IN THE FIRST PATIENT, NURSE!
YES, DOCTOR!
PSST! YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, IRVING, AND WE CAN CONTINUE BILLING!
TAKE OFF THE COAT, MY BOY...
SPLOSH! SPLOOSH

DOCTOR MIGRANE, IS IT TRUE THAT MEN WHO DON'T SMOKE, DRINK, OR RUN AROUND WITH WOMEN LIVE LONGER?
NO! IT ONLY SEEMS LONGER!
$5.00, PLEASE...

DOCTOR, NONE OF THE BOYS EVER TRY TO MAKE DATES WITH ME ANY MORE! WOULD YOU SUGGEST PLASTIC SURGERY?
DEFINITELY! THE ONLY PROBLEM IS, WHO SHOULD DO THE JOB! ME... OR A VETERINARIAN?
FIRST OPERATION
$11.50, PLEASE...

DOCTOR, DO YOU THINK THAT THE FACT THAT I AM A NUDIST HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH MY CATCHING COLD ALL THE TIME?
I'VE HAD A BAD CHILL ALL DAY!
MY ADVICE IS: GO HOME... GET DRESSED AND GET RIGHT INTO BED!
$13.00, PLEASE!

I'M BOTHERED BY A PERSISTANT LITTLE WART I'D LIKE REMOVED!
I'M A DOCTOR, MADAM! THE DIVORCE LAWYER IS TWO DOORS DOWN!
$6.00, PLEASE


WELL, THAT WASN'T A BAD DAY'S WORK! I EARNED THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS...
...AND BEST OF ALL, I GOT RID OF A BUNCH OF TWO-LINE PATIENT-DOCTOR GAGS THAT HAVE BEEN CLUTTERING UP MY FILES FOR YEARS!

WELL, DOCTOR! I'M FINISHED WITH MY *BILLING!* WHAT SAY YOU AND ME DO A LITTLE *COOING*, NOW?

I HAVEN'T THE *TIME* RIGHT NOW, JUNE! I'M SCHEDULED TO GIVE A *LECTURE* AT THE *MEDICAL SCHOOL* IN *15 MINUTES!*

THE GIRL IS MADLY IN *LOVE* WITH ME, BUT I MUST NOT *PERMIT* MYSELF TO BECOME *EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED* WITH HER!

AFTER ALL, *I* AM A *DOCTOR OF MEDICINE*...WHILE *SHE* IS BUT A *LOWLY, HUMBLE SECRETARY-NURSE.* I HAVE TOO, TOO MUCH TO LOSE!

MY *PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION!*

MY *SOCIAL STANDING!*

MY *M.D. LICENSE PLATES* WHICH LET ME PARK IN *NO-PARKING ZONES!*

UNPAID CASES!

MEASLES

LUMBAGO

ATHLETES FEET

LOCK JAW

AH, SACRED HALL OF LEARNING! I REMEMBER HOW *I, TOO*...LIKE THE YOUNG STUDENTS I AM ABOUT TO ADDRESS...STOOD ON THIS *VERY SPOT* TEN YEARS AGO AND *PLEDGED* MYSELF TO WORK AS HARD AS IS HUMANLY POSSIBLE TO MASTER MY CHOSEN PROFESSION!

OH, HOW I *STUDIED* AND *PRACTICED* AND *SLICED* AND *CUT* AND *STITCHED* WITHIN THESE *SAME HALLOWED WALLS!*

NEVER *DID* PASS THAT *HOMEMAKING COURSE*, THOUGH!

ELECTORAL COLLEGE

...AND SO, STUDENTS, WE SEE THAT THE CAPILLARY ACTION OF THE HEMOSTAT INHIBITS THE NEO-ORGANISMAL LYMPHATIC PROCESS, THEREBY EFFECTING A CHANGE IN THE EPIDERMIC STRUCTURE. THIS, OF COURSE, PERTAINS ONLY TO A MICRO-BACTERIOLOGICAL CHANGE IN THE POTRZEBIE AREA, AND IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH A CHANGE IN THE PRISMATIC VEEBLEFETZERS OF THE FERSHLUGGINER GLANDS!

ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?

YES! WHAT'S "GLANDS"?

ENDS TAKE OUT BACKS- ALSO BODY SOURS!

FOR HEART-BURN

E.C.

DR. MIGRANE! WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON *ANATOMY?*

AFTER TEN YEARS IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, I CAN STATE UNEQUIVOCABLY THAT ANATOMY IS SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY'S GOT...

ONLY ON *GIRLS* IT *LOOKS GOOD!*

E.C.

DR. MIGRANE! WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON *CROSS-BREEDING* OF *ANIMALS* FOR *EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES?*

IN A RECENT EXPERIMENT IN AN UPSTATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, THEY TRIED TO CROSS-BREED A *ROOSTER* WITH A *ROOSTER*. THE RESULTS WERE... *TWO VERY GROSS ROOSTERS!*

I BELIEVE THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!

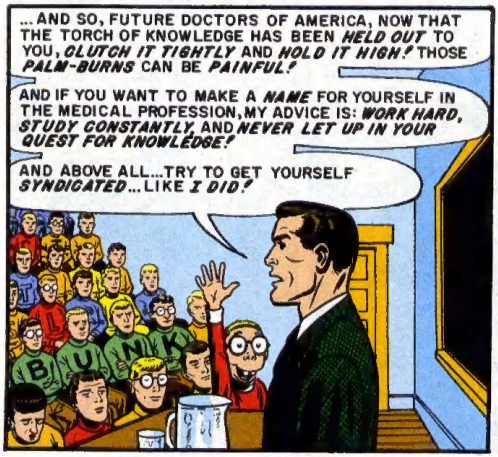
E.C.

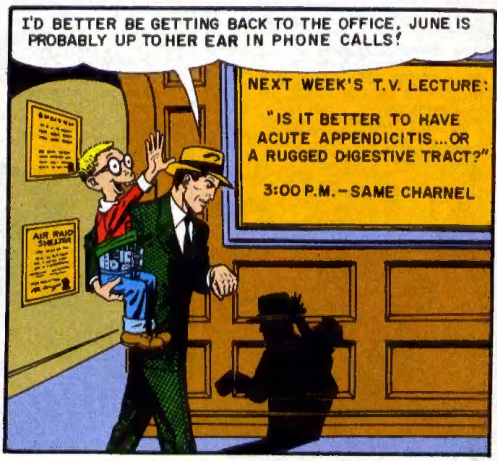
DR. MIGRANE! WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON THE *NEW NURSES' LODGINGS?*

NOT BAD...IF I LEAN WAY OUT MY *WINDOW!*

I'LL TAKE THE LEG FROM SOME OL' CHICKEN — AN' TAKE AN ARM FROM SOME OL' CHAIR —

E.C.


...AND SO, FUTURE DOCTORS OF AMERICA, NOW THAT THE TORCH OF KNOWLEDGE HAS BEEN HELD OUT TO YOU, CLUTCH IT TIGHTLY AND HOLD IT HIGH! THOSE PALM-BURNS CAN BE PAINFUL!
AND IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A NAME FOR YOURSELF IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, MY ADVICE IS: WORK HARD, STUDY CONSTANTLY, AND NEVER LET UP IN YOUR QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE!
AND ABOVE ALL...TRY TO GET YOURSELF SYNDICATED...LIKE I DID!
B U N K

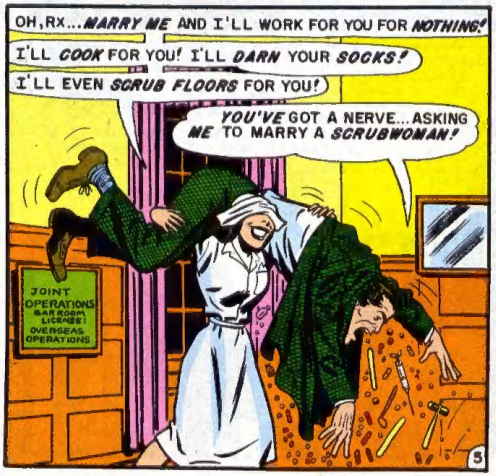

I'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE OFFICE, JUNE IS PROBABLY UP TO HER EAR IN PHONE CALLS!
NEXT WEEK'S T.V. LECTURE:
"IS IT BETTER TO HAVE ACUTE APPENDICITIS...OR A RUGGED DIGESTIVE TRACT?"
3:00 P.M.-SAME CHARNEL
AIR RAID SHELTER

AM I GLAD YOU'RE BACK, Rx! I'VE BEEN UP TO MY EARS IN PHONE CALLS!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?!
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CALLING FOR APPOINTMENTS ALL DAY! I HAD TO TURN MOST OF THEM DOWN!
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
HOBOKEN
LEVITTOWN

AFTER ALL, A GIRL CAN'T GO OUT EVERY NIGHT IN THE WEEK!
SURE! SURE! BUT WERE THERE ANY CALLS FOR ME?
NOPE! SORRY...
EMERGENCY WARD →
MONTGOMERY WARD
BODY & FENDER REPAIRS
BREAKS FIXED & RELINED

LEAPING LIVERS! IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL BE OUT OF BUSINESS IN A WEEK!
I'LL HAVE TO CUT DOWN ON MY EXPENSES!
PLASTIC SURGERY

JUNE, IF YOU WANT TO KEEP WORKING FOR ME, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CUT IN SALARY! WHAT ARE THE LOWEST WAGES YOU'LL WORK FOR?
FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK!
YOU MEAN FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS TAKE-HOME PAY, OR DOES THAT INCLUDE WITHHOLDING?
WITH HOLDING IT'LL COST YOU FIFTY, BWAH!


OH, Rx...MARRY ME AND I'LL WORK FOR YOU FOR NOTHING!
I'LL COOK FOR YOU! I'LL DARN YOUR SOCKS!
I'LL EVEN SCRUB FLOORS FOR YOU!
YOU'VE GOT A NERVE...ASKING ME TO MARRY A SCRUBWOMAN!
JOINT OPERATIONS
BAR ROOM LICENSE!
OVERSEAS OPERATIONS

NO, THERE MUST BE AN *EASIER* WAY THAN THAT! IF ONLY I HAD SOME *RICH CLIENTS*...

OR *BETTER YET*... IF ONLY I COULD GET ON THE PANEL OF THAT MEDICAL T.V. SHOW, "*I'VE GOT A SECRETION!*"

I'VE GOT AN *IDEA*, RX! WHY DON'T YOU GET INTO ONE OF THOSE GROUPS OF *IMPARTIAL DOCTORS* WHO *TEST CIGARETTES*? YOU KNOW... WHERE 9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS AGREE THAT *ONE* BRAND IS *MILDER* THAN ALL THE *OTHERS!*

I *ALREADY TRIED* THAT... BUT THEY ALWAYS MAKE *ME* THE DOCTOR WHO *DISAGREES* WITH THE OTHER 9!

AND *HE* DON'T GET *PAID!*

OUT

IN

NO, JUNE! WHAT I NEED IS SOMETHING *BIG!* SOMETHING *SENSATIONAL!* A CASE THAT WILL MOVE MY NAME FROM THE *COMIC PAGE* TO THE *FRONT PAGE* OF EVERY *NEWSPAPER* IN THE *COUNTRY!*

MENTAL WARD

TAKE *DOCTOR DEFOE*, FOR EXAMPLE! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO *HIM* AFTER HE DELIVERED THE *DIONNE QUINTUPLETS!*

YES! HE CHANGED HIS NAME TO *JEAN HERSHOLT!*

RIGHT!

AND THEN THERE WAS *DOCTOR MELVIN MUCKLE!* HE WAS THE *FIRST PSYCHIATRIST* EVER TO BE EMPLOYED IN A *POTTERY FACTORY!*

WHAT DID HE *DO*?

HE LOOKED AFTER THE *CRACKED POTS!*

MIGRANE'S FORMULA FOR MUSTARD PLASTER, KETCHUP & RELISH.

SLAM!

AND WHAT ABOUT *DOCTOR IRA BDERNDERN*?! NOW *THERE* WAS A MAN WHO, WHILE HE WAS STILL IN *MED SCHOOL*, WENT *DOWN IN HISTORY!*

WHAT'D *HE* DO?

NOTHING! IT'S JUST THAT *HISTORY* WAS HIS *POOREST SUBJECT!* HE *FLUNKED IT!*

DOCTOR MIGRANE! THIS MAY BE IT! A WOMAN EXPECTING SEXTUPLETS MOMENTARILY IS ON THE PHONE, AND SHE WANTS YOU TO DELIVER THEM!

NO! *NO!* I NEED SOMETHING *SENSATIONAL!* SOMETHING WITH A *NEWSPAPER ANGLE!*

BESIDES! YOU *KNOW* WE DON'T DELIVER AFTER 4:00 P.M.!

NERVE CHART

HOW'S *THIS*, THEN? A *FLYING SAUCER* JUST CRASHED IN THE BACK YARD AND THE PILOT'S *LEGS* ARE BROKEN!

SO WHAT'S SO RARE ABOUT *THAT*? PEOPLE BREAK THEIR LEGS *EVERY DAY!*

ALL *SEVEN OF THEM!*?

OH, SAY... *THERE'S* SOMETHING! A FELLOW'S WALKING AROUND DOWN THERE WITH A *SWORD* STICKING THROUGH HIS *STOMACH*... HIS *CHEST* RIDDLED WITH *MACHINE-GUN BULLETS*... AND AN *AXE* IMBEDDED IN HIS *SCALP!*

YOU *STILL* DON'T GET THE IDEA! WE NEED SOMETHING *UNUSUAL!* SOMETHING OUT OF THE *ORDINARY!*

JUNE! I'VE *GOT* IT! *A SENSATIONAL IDEA!*

REMEMBER ALL OF THE PUBLICITY *MILTON GONIFF* GOT WHEN HE KILLED OFF THE "*DRAGGIN' LADY*"?

YOU MEAN...!

EXACTLY! I'LL POISON MYSELF! THE LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS WILL *POUR IN* FROM READERS DEMANDING THAT I BE BROUGHT BACK TO *LIFE!*

WHAT A GIMMICK!!

B-BUT, RX...!

NOW, DON'T GET *EXCITED*, JUNE! I DON'T *REALLY* INTEND TO POISON MYSELF! I'LL JUST *PRETEND* TO!

B-BUT, RX...!

YESTERDAY, I SWITCHED THE LABEL ON THIS BOTTLE OF *DISTILLED WATER* WITH A BOTTLE OF *TOXIC POISON*...

POISON

BUT, RX! I...

NOW GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES TO GET COMFORTABLE ON THE *FLOOR* BEFORE YOU NOTIFY THE *SYNDICATE*...

BUT, RX! I... I...

NOW, NOW! NO HYSTERICS, OLD GIRL! I DON'T WANT YOU TO *RUIN* THIS WHOLE THING BY *OVER-ACTING!*

I... I... *AY-AY-AY!* I *TRIED* TO EXPLAIN THAT TODAY *I* SWITCHED THE LABELS *BACK AGAIN!*

YOU'RE A WITNESS!!

RX MIGRANE, M.D.

BY NTRZO PLLTVSSUR

IT IS WITH THE DEEPEST REGRET AND SORROW THAT WE ANNOUNCE THE DISCONTINUATION OF RX MIGRANE, M.D.

BLADDER GALLSTONE & ELDER.

POOPIK THE SAILOR

BY [illegible]

AHOY, OLIVE! IZ YOU READY TO GO WIT

I SURE AM, YOU

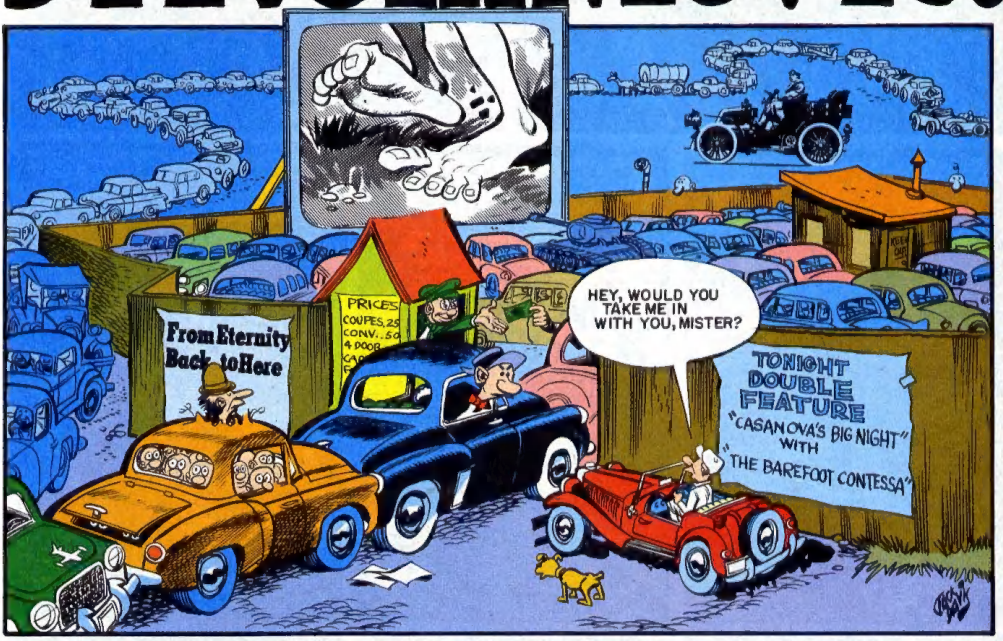
HUH?

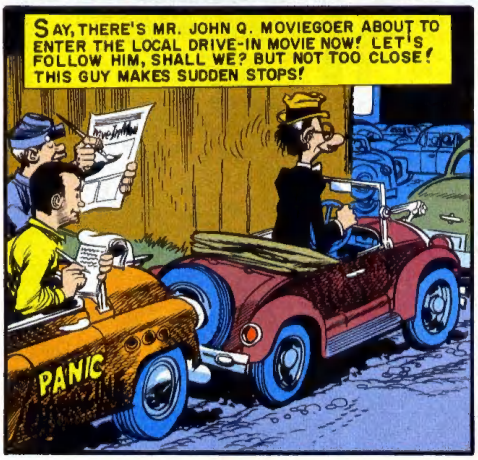
WHY YOU...!

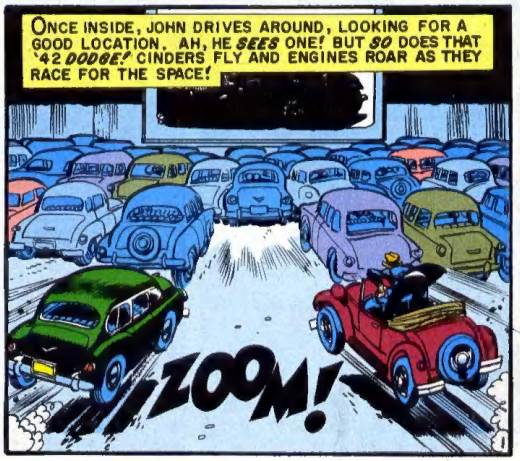
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN THA'S ALL THAT

(A SATIRICAL LOOK AT THE AMERICAN SCENE DEPT. (HOW PEOPLE ARE AMUSING THEMSELVES THESE NIGHTS! DIVISION): IF YOU'RE A *FILM FAN*, YOU'VE PROBABLY *HEARD OF* OR EVEN *TRIED* THIS LATEST INNOVATION IN NIGHTTIME ENTERTAINMENT. YES, FOLKS... NOW YOU CAN SEE HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST EPIC IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR *OWN AUTOMOBILE!* NO MORE STANDING IN A SLOW-MOVING LINE WAITING TO GET INTO THE LOCAL BIJOU ON SATURDAY NIGHT. NOW YOU CAN *SIT* IN A SLOW-MOVING LINE WAITING TO GET INTO THE...

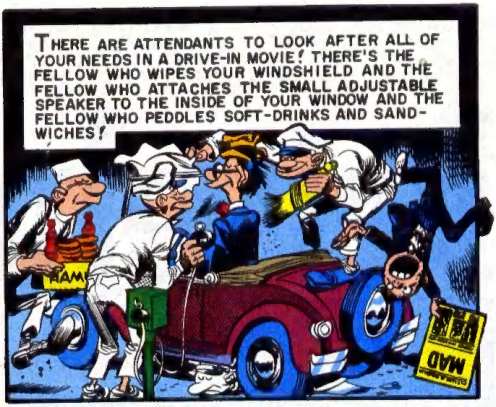
Drive In Movie!

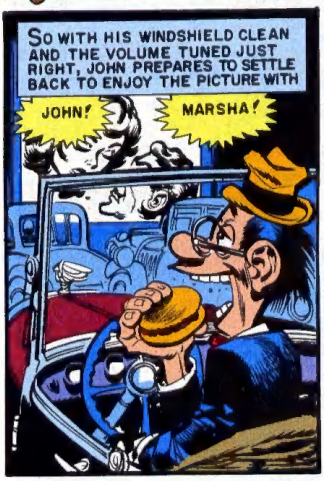


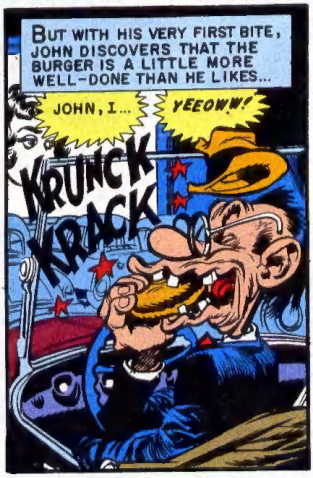


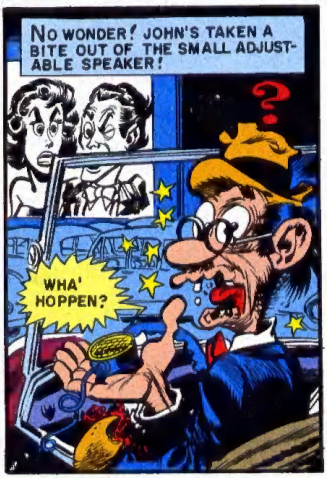


THIS IS FOLLOWED BY THE CRUNCH OF COLLAPSING FENDERS AND THE SCRAPE OF INTERLOCKING BUMPERS AS THE TWO CARS ARRIVE SIMULTANEOUSLY. FROM THIS NEW ANGLE, JOHN THINKS HE IS WATCHING AN INDIAN PICTURE, AS HIS VIEW OF THE SCREEN IS BLOCKED BY HIS PONTIAC RADIATOR CAP!
HMMM! THAT'S BURT LANCASTER?!
HEY! DOWN IN FRONT!


THERE ARE ATTENDANTS TO LOOK AFTER ALL OF YOUR NEEDS IN A DRIVE-IN MOVIE! THERE'S THE FELLOW WHO WIPES YOUR WINDSHIELD AND THE FELLOW WHO ATTACHES THE SMALL ADJUSTABLE SPEAKER TO THE INSIDE OF YOUR WINDOW AND THE FELLOW WHO PEDDLES SOFT-DRINKS AND SANDWICHES!
HAM
MAD

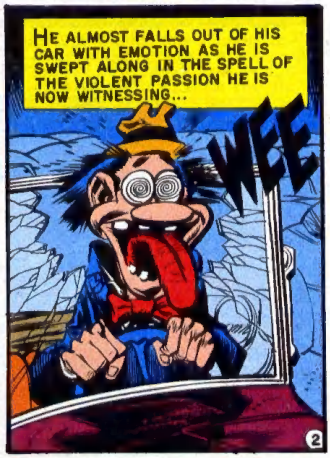

SO WITH HIS WINDSHIELD CLEAN AND THE VOLUME TUNED JUST RIGHT, JOHN PREPARES TO SETTLE BACK TO ENJOY THE PICTURE WITH
JOHN!
MARSHA!

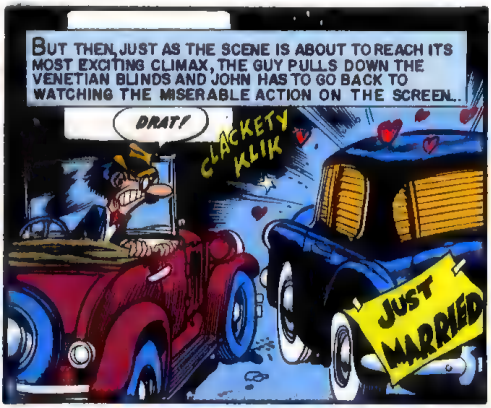

BUT WITH HIS VERY FIRST BITE, JOHN DISCOVERS THAT THE BURGER IS A LITTLE MORE WELL-DONE THAN HE LIKES...
JOHN, I...
YEEOWW!
KRUNCK
KRACK

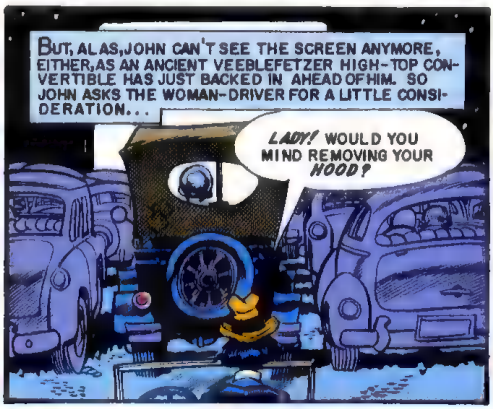

NO WONDER! JOHN'S TAKEN A BITE OUT OF THE SMALL ADJUSTABLE SPEAKER!
?
WHA' HOPPEN?

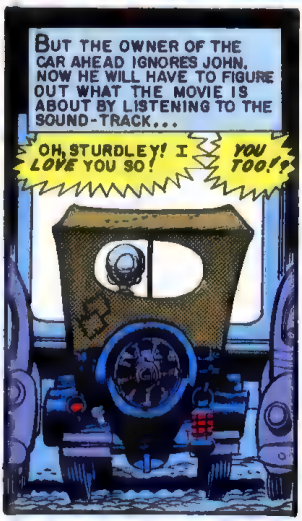
THE ATTENDANT GRUDGINGLY HANDS JOHN ANOTHER SPEAKER... THIS TIME WITH NO KATSUP... AND HE SETTLES BACK IN HIS SEAT FOR SOME SOLID SCREEN ENJOYMENT...

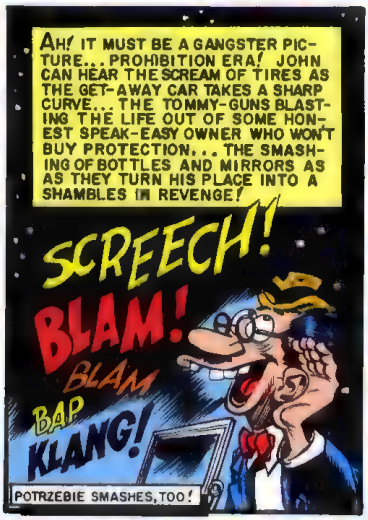
SOON JOHN REALIZES THAT ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST THRILLING LOVE SCENES IS BEING PLAYED RIGHT BEFORE HIS VERY EYES...
WOW

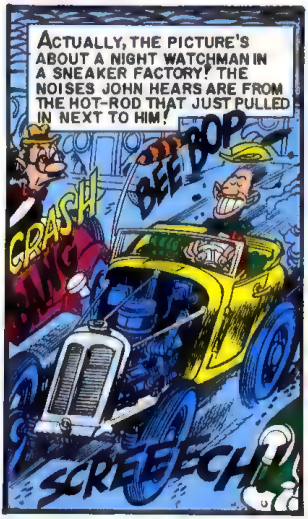

HE ALMOST FALLS OUT OF HIS CAR WITH EMOTION AS HE IS SWEPT ALONG IN THE SPELL OF THE VIOLENT PASSION HE IS NOW WITNESSING...
WEE

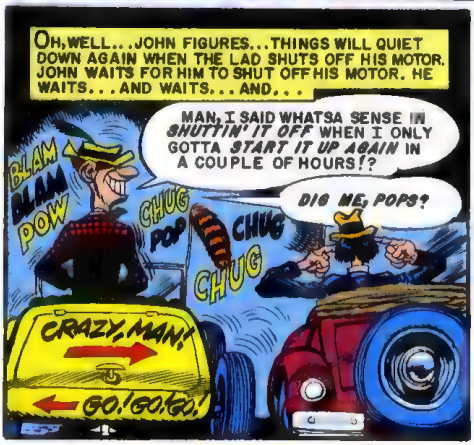

BUT THEN, JUST AS THE SCENE IS ABOUT TO REACH ITS MOST EXCITING CLIMAX, THE GUY PULLS DOWN THE VENETIAN BLINDS AND JOHN HAS TO GO BACK TO WATCHING THE MISERABLE ACTION ON THE SCREEN..
DRAT!
CLACKETY KLIK
JUST MARRIED

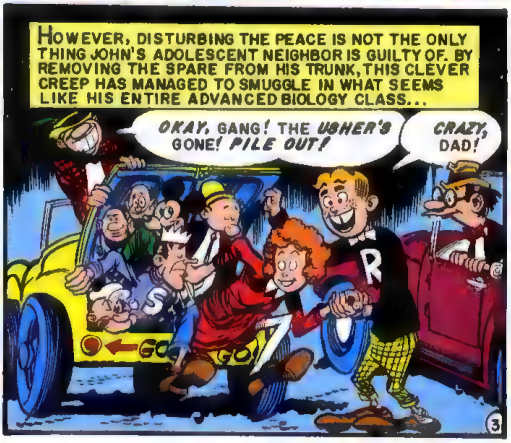

BUT, ALAS, JOHN CAN'T SEE THE SCREEN ANYMORE, EITHER, AS AN ANCIENT VEEBLEFETZER HIGH-TOP CONVERTIBLE HAS JUST BACKED IN AHEAD OF HIM. SO JOHN ASKS THE WOMAN-DRIVER FOR A LITTLE CONSIDERATION...
LADY! WOULD YOU MIND REMOVING YOUR HOOD?


BUT THE OWNER OF THE CAR AHEAD IGNORES JOHN. NOW HE WILL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE MOVIE IS ABOUT BY LISTENING TO THE SOUND-TRACK...
OH, STURDLEY! I LOVE YOU SO!
YOU TOO!?


AH! IT MUST BE A GANGSTER PICTURE... PROHIBITION ERA! JOHN CAN HEAR THE SCREAM OF TIRES AS THE GET-AWAY CAR TAKES A SHARP CURVE... THE TOMMY-GUNS BLASTING THE LIFE OUT OF SOME HONEST SPEAK-EASY OWNER WHO WON'T BUY PROTECTION... THE SMASHING OF BOTTLES AND MIRRORS AS AS THEY TURN HIS PLACE INTO A SHAMBLES IN REVENGE!
SCREECH!
BLAM!
BLAM
BAP
KLANG!
POTRZEBIE SMASHES, TOO!


ACTUALLY, THE PICTURE'S ABOUT A NIGHT WATCHMAN IN A SNEAKER FACTORY! THE NOISES JOHN HEARS ARE FROM THE HOT-ROD THAT JUST PULLED IN NEXT TO HIM!
BEE BOP
CRASH
BANG
SCREECH!


OH, WELL... JOHN FIGURES... THINGS WILL QUIET DOWN AGAIN WHEN THE LAD SHUTS OFF HIS MOTOR. JOHN WAITS FOR HIM TO SHUT OFF HIS MOTOR. HE WAITS... AND WAITS... AND...
MAN, I SAID WHATSA SENSE IN SHUTTIN' IT OFF WHEN I ONLY GOTTA START IT UP AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!?
DIG ME, POPS?
BLAM
BLAM
POW
CHUG
POP
CHUG
CHUG
CRAZY, MAN!
GO! GO! GO!


HOWEVER, DISTURBING THE PEACE IS NOT THE ONLY THING JOHN'S ADOLESCENT NEIGHBOR IS GUILTY OF. BY REMOVING THE SPARE FROM HIS TRUNK, THIS CLEVER CREEP HAS MANAGED TO SMUGGLE IN WHAT SEEMS LIKE HIS ENTIRE ADVANCED BIOLOGY CLASS...
OKAY, GANG! THE USHER'S GONE! PILE OUT!
CRAZY, DAD!
GO!
GO!

JOHN DECIDES THAT HE'D BETTER MOVE TO ANOTHER SPOT BEFORE HE BECOMES INVOLVED WITH THIS MOB OF JUVENILE GATE-CRASHERS...

YOU CATS HOLD THE SPACE WHILE I GO BACK FOR ANOTHER LOAD!

DRIVE CAREFULLY, MELVIN!

SO JOHN CRUISES AROUND SEARCHING FOR A NICE QUIET SPOT. AH, THERE'S ONE BETWEEN THOSE TWO SMALL CARS. JOHN THINKS FOR A MOMENT THAT HE MUST BE IN THE CHILDREN'S SECTION...BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE DRIVERS BOTH SEEM TO BE MATURE ADULT GROWN-UPS!

BUT THEY ONLY *SEEM* TO BE! JUST AS JOHN IS REFOCUSING HIS EYE-BALLS, THE DRIVERS ON EITHER SIDE GREET EACH OTHER, AS THE CUSTOM AMONG SPORTS-CAR OWNERS...

BEEP BEEP

HONK HONK

THE TWO ENTHUSIASTS ARE SOON DISCUSSING THE LATEST ADVANCES IN THE FIELD OF SMALL SPORT-CARS...

SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW *POTRZEBIE-8* WITH THE MULTIPLE SUSPENSION SPRINGS?

NAAH! GIVE ME AN UNDERSLUNG *LOLLOBRIGIDA* ANY TIME! THOSE ITALIAN JOBS ARE *REALLY* PUT TOGETHER!

POTRZEBIE NOT ONLY SPRINGS... IT BOUNCES!

AND, AS THE DISCUSSION GETS HOTTER, SO DOES JOHN...UNDER THE COLLAR!

I'M THINKING OF GETTING A *ZAMBEEZI "PLAYBOY"* NEXT! YOU KNOW...THE ONE WITH THE *BLOODSHOT HEADLIGHTS?!*

MAN, HOW CAN IT *COMPARE* WITH THE *BLENHEIM ONE-SEATER!*

12 CYLINDERS 600 HORSE POWER 1 MOTOR

THE ZAMBEEZI PLAYBOY

FINALLY, JOHN CAN STAND NO *MORE* OF THIS INANE CHATTER! HE THROWS HIS GEARS INTO REVERSE AND DRIVES OFF IN A *HUFF!*

NOT A BAD CAR... *THE HUFF!*

FOR *MY* DOUGH, I'LL TAKE A *TANTRUM* ANY DAY OF THE WEEK!

ZOOM

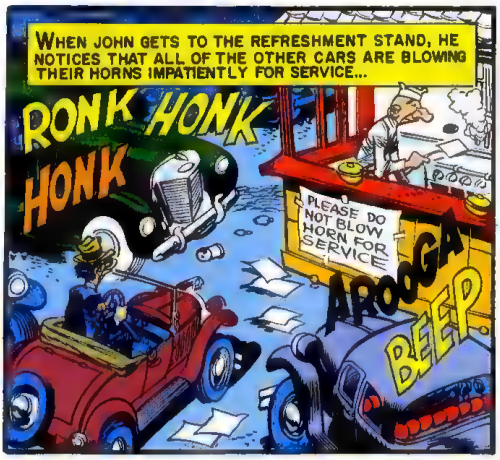
AT THIS POINT, JOHN REALIZES HE IS STARVING, HAVING SKIPPED DINNER IN ORDER TO CATCH THE COMPLETE DOUBLE FEATURE. SO HE HEADS FOR THE REFRESHMENT STAND AT THE REAR OF THE GROUNDS...

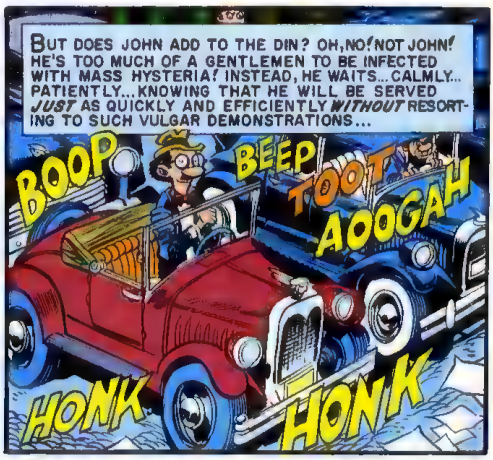
DRIVE-IN REFRESHMENT STAND!

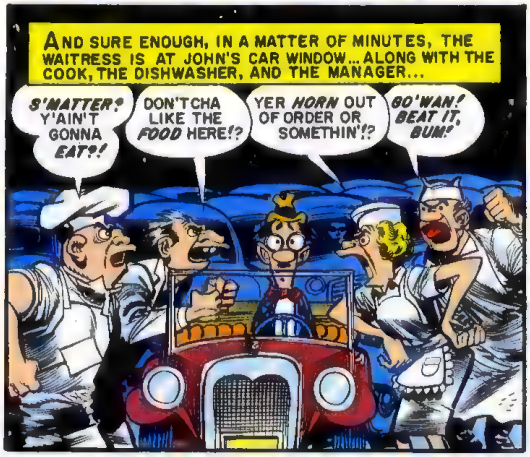
YUM... YUM!

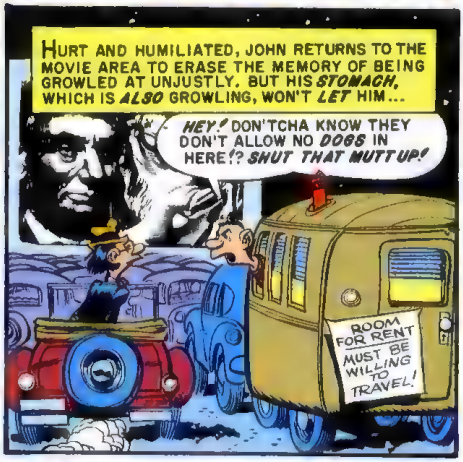
HOW'D IT HAPPEN!

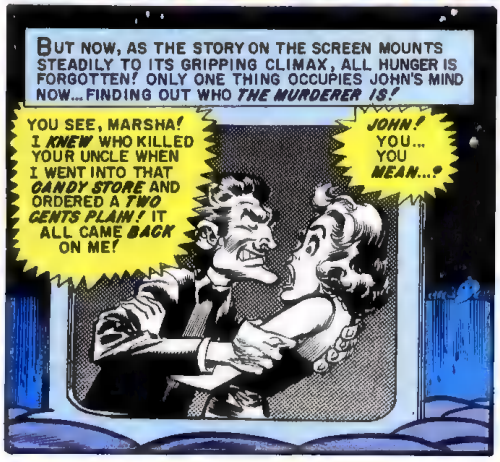
A '52 FORD GOT HER WHILE SHE WAS TRYING TO FIND HER CAR!

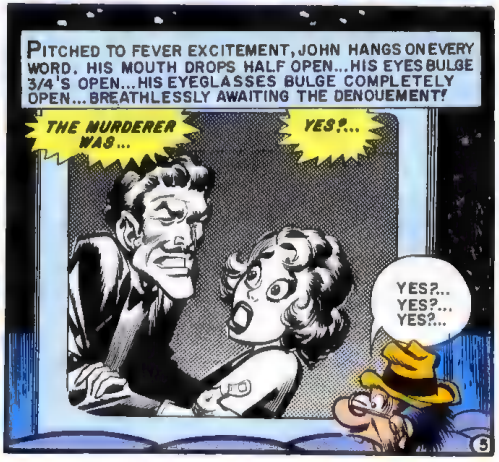

WHEN JOHN GETS TO THE REFRESHMENT STAND, HE NOTICES THAT ALL OF THE OTHER CARS ARE BLOWING THEIR HORNS IMPATIENTLY FOR SERVICE...
RONK
HONK
HONK
PLEASE DO NOT BLOW HORN FOR SERVICE
AOOGA
BEEP

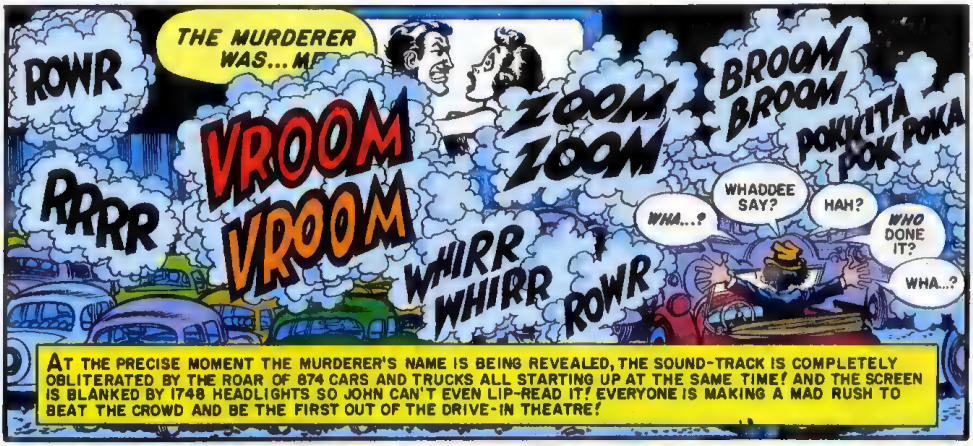

BUT DOES JOHN ADD TO THE DIN? OH, NO! NOT JOHN! HE'S TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMEN TO BE INFECTED WITH MASS HYSTERIA! INSTEAD, HE WAITS... CALMLY... PATIENTLY... KNOWING THAT HE WILL BE SERVED *JUST* AS QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY *WITHOUT* RESORTING TO SUCH VULGAR DEMONSTRATIONS...
BOOP
BEEP
TOOT
AOOGAH
HONK
HONK

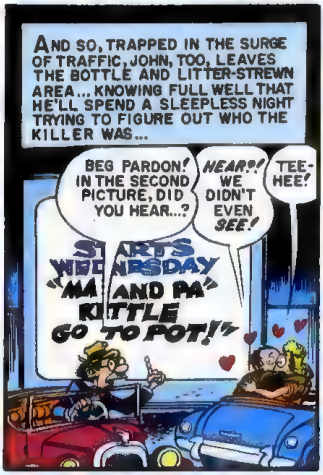

AND SURE ENOUGH, IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE WAITRESS IS AT JOHN'S CAR WINDOW... ALONG WITH THE COOK, THE DISHWASHER, AND THE MANAGER...
S'MATTER? Y'AIN'T GONNA EAT?!
DON'TCHA LIKE THE FOOD HERE!?
YER HORN OUT OF ORDER OR SOMETHIN'!?
GO'WAN! BEAT IT, BUM!

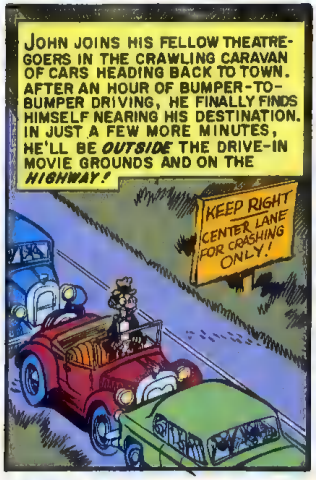

HURT AND HUMILIATED, JOHN RETURNS TO THE MOVIE AREA TO ERASE THE MEMORY OF BEING GROWLED AT UNJUSTLY. BUT HIS *STOMACH*, WHICH IS *ALSO* GROWLING, WON'T *LET* HIM...
HEY! DON'TCHA KNOW THEY DON'T ALLOW NO *DOGS* IN HERE!? *SHUT THAT MUTT UP!*
ROOM FOR RENT MUST BE WILLING TO TRAVEL!

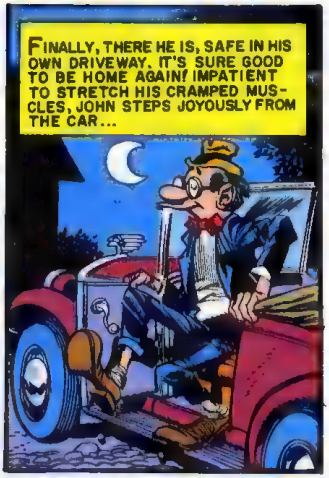

BUT NOW, AS THE STORY ON THE SCREEN MOUNTS STEADILY TO ITS GRIPPING CLIMAX, ALL HUNGER IS FORGOTTEN! ONLY ONE THING OCCUPIES JOHN'S MIND NOW... FINDING OUT WHO *THE MURDERER IS!*
YOU SEE, MARSHA! I *KNEW* WHO KILLED YOUR UNCLE WHEN I WENT INTO THAT *CANDY STORE* AND ORDERED A *TWO CENTS PLAIN!* IT ALL CAME *BACK* ON ME!
JOHN! YOU... YOU *MEAN...?*

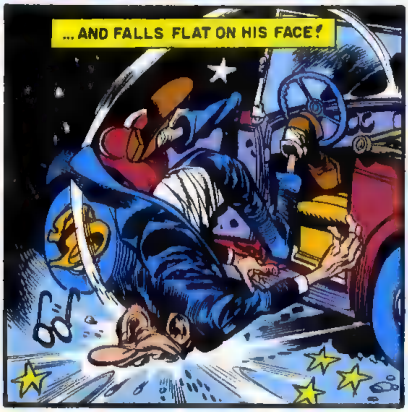

PITCHED TO FEVER EXCITEMENT, JOHN HANGS ON EVERY WORD. HIS MOUTH DROPS HALF OPEN... HIS EYES BULGE 3/4'S OPEN... HIS EYEGLASSES BULGE COMPLETELY OPEN... BREATHLESSLY AWAITING THE DENOUEMENT!
THE MURDERER WAS...
YES?...
YES?... YES?... YES?...

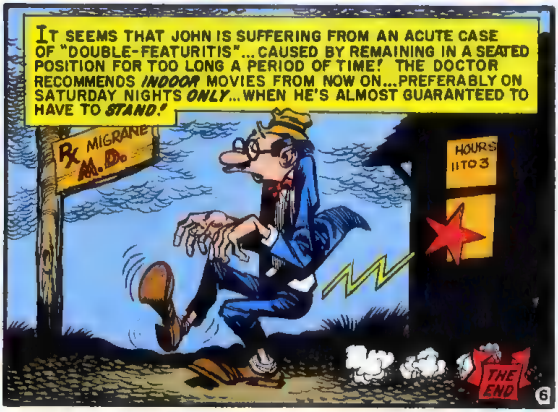

THE MURDERER WAS... M
ROWR
RRRR
VROOM VROOM
ZOOM ZOOM
BROOM BROOM
POKUTTA POK POKA
WHIRR WHIRR
ROWR
WHADDEE SAY?
HAH?
WHO DONE IT?
WHA...?
WHA...?
AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THE MURDERER'S NAME IS BEING REVEALED, THE SOUND-TRACK IS COMPLETELY OBLITERATED BY THE ROAR OF 874 CARS AND TRUCKS ALL STARTING UP AT THE SAME TIME! AND THE SCREEN IS BLANKED BY 1748 HEADLIGHTS SO JOHN CAN'T EVEN LIP-READ IT! EVERYONE IS MAKING A MAD RUSH TO BEAT THE CROWD AND BE THE FIRST OUT OF THE DRIVE-IN THEATRE!


AND SO, TRAPPED IN THE SURGE OF TRAFFIC, JOHN, TOO, LEAVES THE BOTTLE AND LITTER-STREWN AREA... KNOWING FULL WELL THAT HE'LL SPEND A SLEEPLESS NIGHT TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO THE KILLER WAS...
BEG PARDON! IN THE SECOND PICTURE, DID YOU HEAR...?
HEAR?! WE DIDN'T EVEN SEE!
TEE-HEE!
STARTS WEDNESDAY "MA AND PA" KETTLE GO TO POT!"


JOHN JOINS HIS FELLOW THEATRE-GOERS IN THE CRAWLING CARAVAN OF CARS HEADING BACK TO TOWN. AFTER AN HOUR OF BUMPER-TO-BUMPER DRIVING, HE FINALLY FINDS HIMSELF NEARING HIS DESTINATION. IN JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, HE'LL BE OUTSIDE THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE GROUNDS AND ON THE HIGHWAY!
KEEP RIGHT — CENTER LANE FOR CRASHING ONLY!

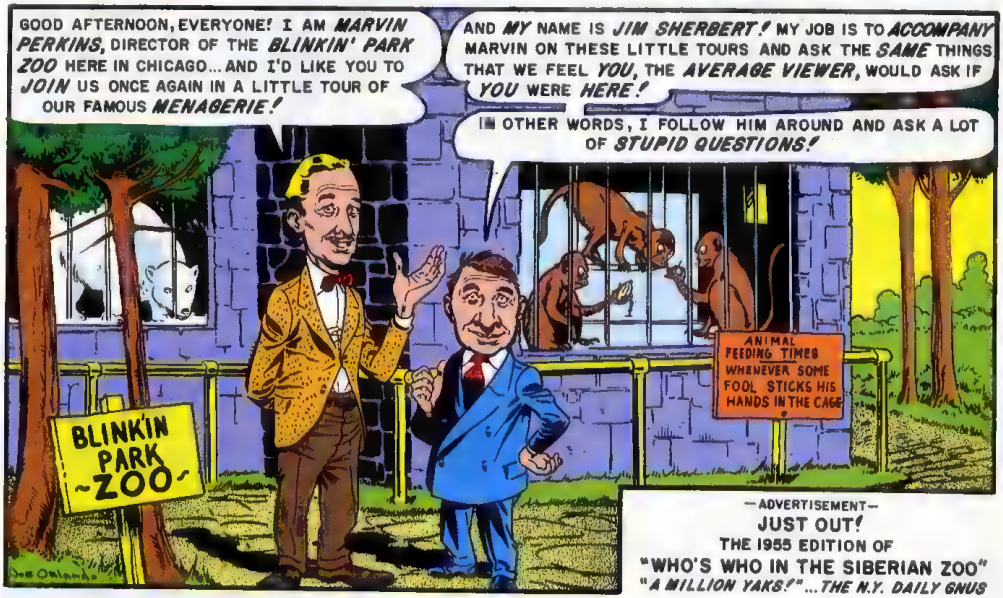

FINALLY, THERE HE IS, SAFE IN HIS OWN DRIVEWAY. IT'S SURE GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN! IMPATIENT TO STRETCH HIS CRAMPED MUSCLES, JOHN STEPS JOYOUSLY FROM THE CAR...


...AND FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE!

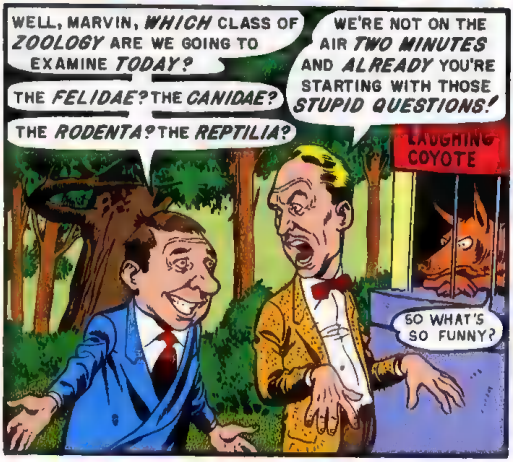

IT SEEMS THAT JOHN IS SUFFERING FROM AN ACUTE CASE OF "DOUBLE-FEATURITIS"... CAUSED BY REMAINING IN A SEATED POSITION FOR TOO LONG A PERIOD OF TIME! THE DOCTOR RECOMMENDS INDOOR MOVIES FROM NOW ON... PREFERABLY ON SATURDAY NIGHTS ONLY!... WHEN HE'S ALMOST GUARANTEED TO HAVE TO STAND!
Rx MIGRANE M.D.
HOURS 11 TO 3
THE END

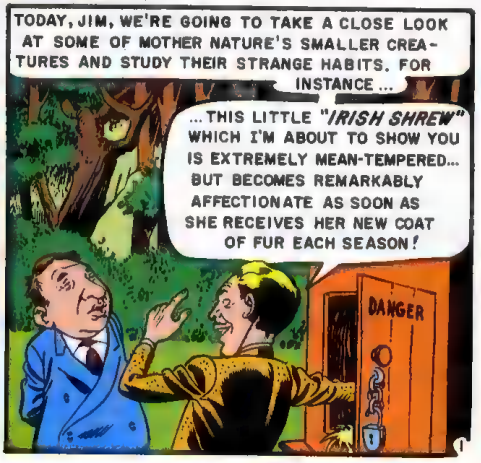
WILD LIFE ON T.V. DEPT. (DO NOT FEED OR ANNOY THE 21 INCH TUBE! DIVISION): THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON TELEVISION PROGRAM IS BASED UPON THE PREMISE THAT ANIMALS ARE FAR MORE INTERESTING THAN HUMANS...THAT THEY ARE CUTER, AFFECTIONATER, PLAYFULLER, AND IN MANY INSTANCES, INTELLIGENTER! BUT MOST OF ALL, THEY'RE *CHEAPER!* WHICH IS AS GOOD A REASON AS ANY TO PRODUCE A SHOW SUCH AS...

ZOO CHARADE



—ADVERTISEMENT—
JUST OUT!
THE 1955 EDITION OF
"WHO'S WHO IN THE SIBERIAN ZOO"
"A MILLION YAKS!"...THE N.Y. DAILY GNUS





SHUR-R-R, AN' YER SO RIGHT, MARVIN, M'PET! REMEMBER, AN' IT'S *MINK* YE'VE BEEN PROMISIN' ME!

KATIE!! I...I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE *CARNIVOROUS* SECTION! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN A CAGE?

WHY, YE BRING OUT THE *BEASTIE* IN ME MARVIN DEAR-R-RIE!

HEH, HEH! LET'S... *UH*...MOVE RIGHT ALONG TO THE *AVIARY*, SHALL WE, FOLKS? HEH, HEH!

BUT, *MARVIN!* I WANTED TO LEARN SOME *VITAL STATISTICS* ABOUT THAT CHARMING CREATURE...

...STATISTICS LIKE *NOMENCLATURE* AND *HABITAT!* IN OTHER WORDS...

WHAT'S HER NAME AND ADDRESS, MARV, BOY?

LATER, IDIOT! THIS IS A *KID'S* PROGRAM!

PANT!

SIGH!

NOW HERE WE HAVE A COMMON SPECIES OF FOWL LIFE, FOLKS! THIS IS THE "*LARGE-BILLED MEDICO*" OR "*PARK AVENUE QUACK*"! THIS BIRD LIVES EXCLUSIVELY ON A DIET OF "*TUFTED DOWAGERS*," "*NUEROTIC HENS*," AND *LOADED SPARROWS*." IN WINTER, IT MIGRATES TO *FLORIDA* OR *BERMUDA!*

HMM! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT HANGNAIL!

THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS

HAWK! DON'T RUN!

HOURS 11-12 AM 1-2 PM THURS. ONLY!

BEDSIDE MANNA

AND HERE WE HAVE ANOTHER SPECIES OF BIRD LIFE... THE "*BLEARY-EYED LUSH*," SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE "*MORNING-AFTER VERTIGO*"! THIS SPECIES CAN BE FOUND WHENEVER *PUB-CRAWLERS, BAR-FLIES* AND *OTHER* VARIETIES OF *NOCTURNAL INSECT LIFE* CONGREGATE.

URP!!

RUMBLE!

RUMBLE!

ONE FOR THE ROAD

HAIR OF THE DOG

AND NOW WE COME TO WHAT IS MY PARTICULAR FAVORITE IN THE BIRD FAMILY...THE "*ROSY-EYED LOVEBIRD*" OR "*JUSTFORA LARK*"!

NOW DON'T BE AFRAID SWEETHEART! I ONLY WANT TO TALK TO YOU...

BALD EAGLE

ZZZZZ

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU JUST SAID THE *SECRET WORD!*

MORE INTERRUPTIONS! WILL YOU DAMES *KNOCK IT OFF* ALREADY?

I CAN'T *HELP* MYSELF, MARV! YOU BRING OUT THE *BEAST* IN ME!

TALK

THE GREAT AMERIC REGRE

COME ALONG, JIM! I WANT TO TAKE THE FOLKS ON A QUICK TOUR OF THE *MONKEY HOUSE!*

GEE! IT'S NICE OF YOU TO BABY-SIT FOR THEM WHILE THEY'RE AWAY!

THESE CREATURES ALL BELONG TO THE *SIMIAN FAMILY!*

NO.1 ON THE APE HIT PARADE: "GORILLA MY DREAMS I LOVE YOU!"

HERE WE HAVE A DANDY EXAMPLE OF THE "*UPTOWN CHEST-THUMPER*"... SOMETIMES CALLED THE "*BABOON-FACED GIANT ROOTER*"!

HERE WE SEE HIM GIVING HIS PRIMITIVE *VICTORY CRY!*

MO!DER DEM BUMS!

HABITAT POLO GROUNDS

AND IN THE NEXT CASE, WE FIND THE "*SHORT-SHRIFTED FLAT-BUSH CHIMPANZEE*"... A MEMBER OF THE LESSER AUNT TILLIE'S GROUP! THIS WAS ONCE A MEMBER OF A *MIGHTY RACE*, JIM... BUT THEY'RE FAST BECOMING *EXTINCT!*

THEY *SURE DO!*

YEAH? WELL, WAIT'LL *NEXT YEAR!*

HABITAT EBBETS FIELD

ANOTHER INTERESTING VARIETY OF THE APE FAMILY IS THIS "*RING-TAILED PICK-POCKET*"! IF YOU'LL *NOTICE*, JIM, HE HAS ONLY *ONE FINGER* ON EACH HAND, WHICH RENDERS HIM ALMOST *COMPLETELY HARMLESS!* ALL HE CAN STEAL ARE *LIFE-SAVERS!*

HOLE-Y CANDY!

HABITAT SUBWAY CROWDS

MONKEY SHINES 10¢

HERE WE HAVE AN EXAMPLE OF THE "*BEAR-FACED LIAR*" OR "*RED-BACKED ORATOR*"! WHEN *ATTACKED*, THIS SLIMY CREATURE SLINGS *MUD* AT HIS ADVISARIES!

DO YOU SUPPOSE WE COULD THROW A *CAMERA* ON HIM, JIM?

I'D *LIKE* TO, MARV, BUT THESE GADGETS ARE *EXPENSIVE!*

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS... LEO, THE LENIN

DOWN WITH ZOOS..... THE PLAYGROUNDS OF CAPTALISTS

NOW HERE'S A CURIOUS LITTLE ANIMAL, JIM... THE "*UNMITIGATED BOAR*"... KNOWN IN SOME CIRCLES AS THE "*GIMLET-EYED GOSSIP-HOUND*"!

GOOD EVENING, MR. AND MRS. AFRICA! FLASH... WHAT CHICKEN IS ABOUT TO CALL IT QUITS WITH WHAT WELL-KNOWN WOLF...?

NOTICE THE VARIETY OF *TALES* HE CARRIES!

CUB REPORTER

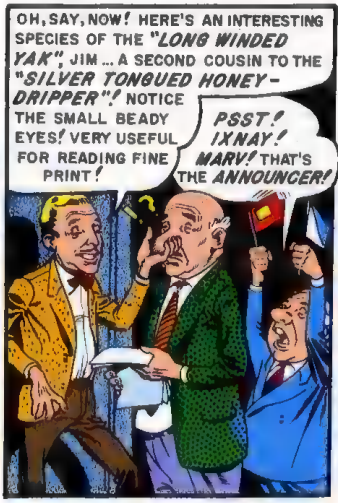
AND HERE'S A ROMANTIC LITTLE TYPE, JIM! THE "*RUSSIAN GREGORY PECCARY*"... ALSO KNOWN AS THE "*EAGER SIBERIAN BEAVER*". IT'S DIFFICULT TO LURE HIM OUT OF HIS *CAGE!* HE'S ALLA TIME IN THERE MAKING *LOVE!*

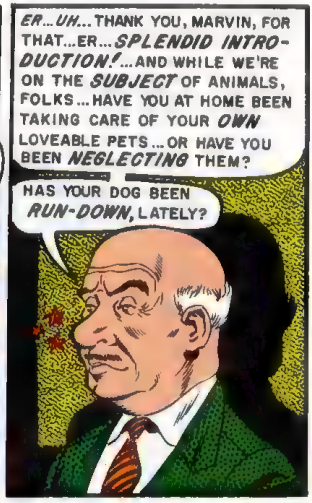
DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'D COME OUT IF I OFFERED HIM A *PEANUT?*

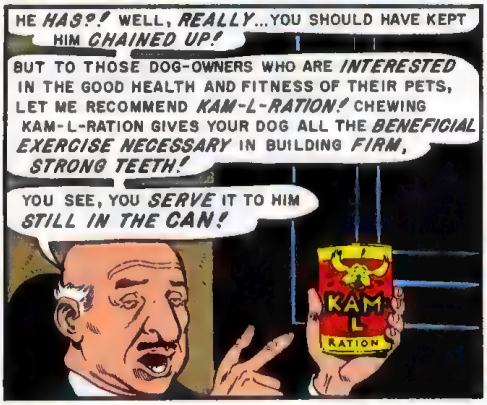
WOULD *YOU?!*

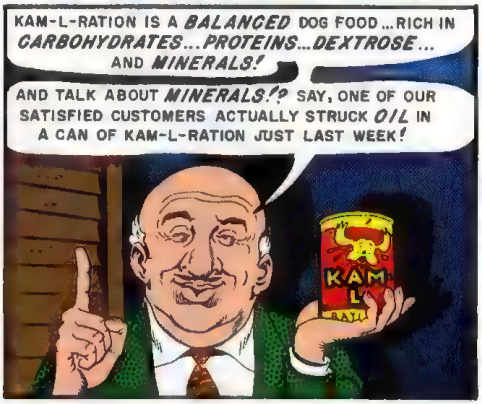
DO NOT DISTURB

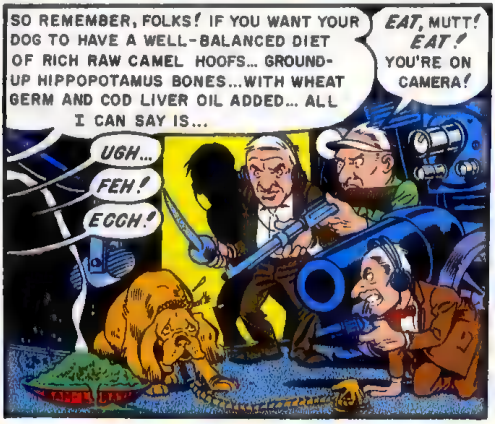
TANYA!! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT ON THE STEPPES!
BOOT, MARVEEN, MY BEEG STRAWNG CURATOR! YOU BRING OUWT DE BIST IN TANYA!
SEE? THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A RUNNING GAG, FOLKS! BUT YOU'LL NOTICE I'M NOT RUNNING!

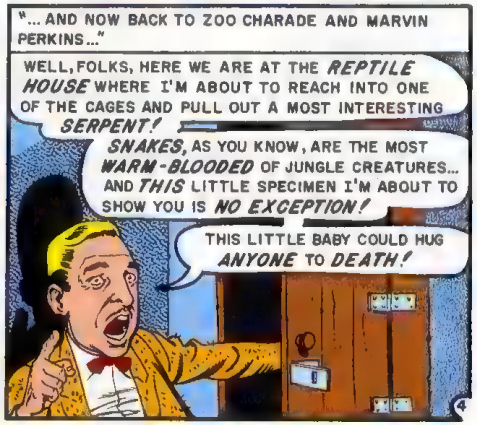

OH, SAY, NOW! HERE'S AN INTERESTING SPECIES OF THE "LONG WINDED YAK", JIM ... A SECOND COUSIN TO THE "SILVER TONGUED HONEY-DRIPPER"! NOTICE THE SMALL BEADY EYES! VERY USEFUL FOR READING FINE PRINT!
PSST! IXNAY! MARV! THAT'S THE ANNOUNCER!


ER... UH... THANK YOU, MARVIN, FOR THAT... ER... SPLENDID INTRODUCTION!... AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF ANIMALS, FOLKS... HAVE YOU AT HOME BEEN TAKING CARE OF YOUR OWN LOVEABLE PETS... OR HAVE YOU BEEN NEGLECTING THEM?
HAS YOUR DOG BEEN RUN-DOWN, LATELY?

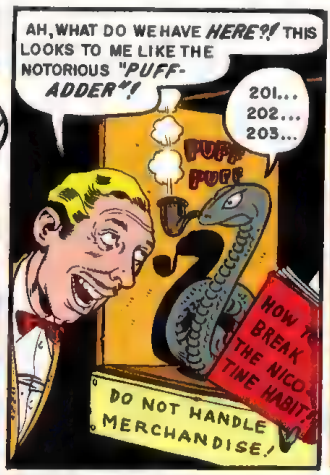

HE HAS?! WELL, REALLY... YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT HIM CHAINED UP!
BUT TO THOSE DOG-OWNERS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE GOOD HEALTH AND FITNESS OF THEIR PETS, LET ME RECOMMEND KAM-L-RATION! CHEWING KAM-L-RATION GIVES YOUR DOG ALL THE BENEFICIAL EXERCISE NECESSARY IN BUILDING FIRM, STRONG TEETH!
YOU SEE, YOU SERVE IT TO HIM STILL IN THE CAN!
KAM L RATION


KAM-L-RATION IS A BALANCED DOG FOOD... RICH IN CARBOHYDRATES... PROTEINS... DEXTROSE... AND MINERALS!
AND TALK ABOUT MINERALS!? SAY, ONE OF OUR SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ACTUALLY STRUCK OIL IN A CAN OF KAM-L-RATION JUST LAST WEEK!
KAM L

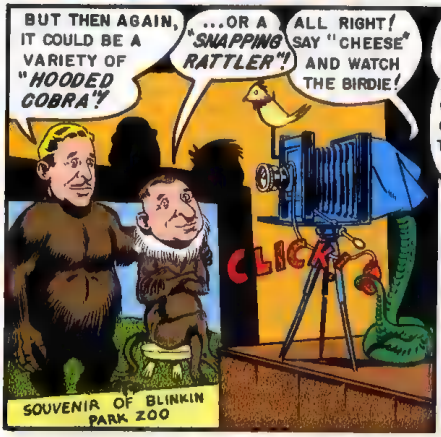

SO REMEMBER, FOLKS! IF YOU WANT YOUR DOG TO HAVE A WELL-BALANCED DIET OF RICH RAW CAMEL HOOFS... GROUND-UP HIPPOPOTAMUS BONES... WITH WHEAT GERM AND COD LIVER OIL ADDED... ALL I CAN SAY IS...
EAT, MUTT! EAT! YOU'RE ON CAMERA!
UGH...
FEH!
ECCH!

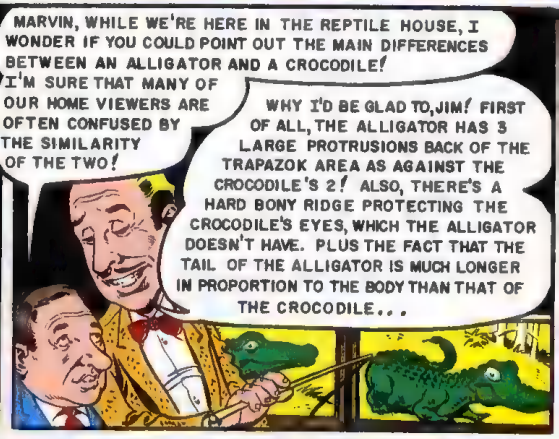

"... AND NOW BACK TO ZOO CHARADE AND MARVIN PERKINS..."
WELL, FOLKS, HERE WE ARE AT THE REPTILE HOUSE WHERE I'M ABOUT TO REACH INTO ONE OF THE CAGES AND PULL OUT A MOST INTERESTING SERPENT!
SNAKES, AS YOU KNOW, ARE THE MOST WARM-BLOODED OF JUNGLE CREATURES... AND THIS LITTLE SPECIMEN I'M ABOUT TO SHOW YOU IS NO EXCEPTION!
THIS LITTLE BABY COULD HUG ANYONE TO DEATH!

HEH, HEH! FOOLED YOU, EH, JIM? I'LL BET YOU THOUGHT I'D REACH IN AND COME OUT WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!
NOT NECESSARILY!
SMEK SMEK


AH, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?! THIS LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE NOTORIOUS "PUFF-ADDER"!
201... 202... 203...
PUFF PUFF
HOW TO BREAK THE NICOTINE HABIT!
DO NOT HANDLE MERCHANDISE!

NO! COME TO THINK OF IT, I BELIEVE THIS IS A "COTTON-MOUTH VIPER"!
WHY, YOU'RE RIGHT, MARV! JUST LOOK AT HIM VIPING HIS MOUTH WITH COTTON!
FEH!
WRAP ME UP AND TAKE ME HOME


BUT THEN AGAIN, IT COULD BE A VARIETY OF "HOODED COBRA"!
...OR A "SNAPPING RATTLER"!
ALL RIGHT! SAY "CHEESE" AND WATCH THE BIRDIE!
CLICK
SOUVENIR OF BLINKIN PARK ZOO


MARVIN, WHILE WE'RE HERE IN THE REPTILE HOUSE, I WONDER IF YOU COULD POINT OUT THE MAIN DIFFERENCES BETWEEN AN ALLIGATOR AND A CROCODILE! I'M SURE THAT MANY OF OUR HOME VIEWERS ARE OFTEN CONFUSED BY THE SIMILARITY OF THE TWO!
WHY I'D BE GLAD TO, JIM! FIRST OF ALL, THE ALLIGATOR HAS 3 LARGE PROTRUSIONS BACK OF THE TRAPAZOK AREA AS AGAINST THE CROCODILE'S 2! ALSO, THERE'S A HARD BONY RIDGE PROTECTING THE CROCODILE'S EYES, WHICH THE ALLIGATOR DOESN'T HAVE. PLUS THE FACT THAT THE TAIL OF THE ALLIGATOR IS MUCH LONGER IN PROPORTION TO THE BODY THAN THAT OF THE CROCODILE...

BUT PROBABLY THE SIMPLEST WAY TO TELL AN ALLIGATOR FROM A CROCODILE IS TO READ THE SIGN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CAGE!
ALLIGATOR

EVEN THOUGH CROCODILES ARE REPUTED TO BE DULL AND MOROSE CREATURES, YOU'LL NOTICE WHAT AN AFFECTIONATE BEAST THIS ONE IS...
IS IT TRUE THAT THIS LITTLE RASCAL WILL EAT OFF YOUR HAND?
I'LL EAT OFF HIS ARM IF HE KEEPS TICKLING ME!

AND NOW WE COME TO THE HIRSUTE, OR FUR BEARING QUADRUPEDS! THIS LITTLE "ITALIAN BROAD-TAIL MINX" WHICH I AM ABOUT TO SHOW YOU CAN BE A VICIOUS LITTLE THING WHEN NOT PROPERLY HANDLED!

GINA! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN TO KEEP YOUR KITTEN-PICKIN' HANDS OFFA MY ANIMALS!
I'M SORRY, MARVEENA... BOTTA YOU BREENGA OUT THE BEESTA INNA ME!
VA-VOOM! THERE'S ONE ROMAN THAT WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY!
LOW, LOW, BRIGIDA
HERE WE ARE AT THE CAGE OF THE FEROCIOUS "SOUTH AMERICAN WILD CAT! BETTER STAND BACK A LITTLE, JIM! THIS CREATURE IS A MAN-KILLER! VERY DANGEROUS WHEN RUBBED THE WRONG WAY!
OH! THIS MUST BE THE ONE THAT TORE HERNANDO'S HIDE AWAY!
FOR SALE SLIGHTLY USED JAGUAR LOW MILEAGE
CARMEN!! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CARIOCA!
BOT, MARVEEN! I YOM SO HONGRY FOR YOR KEESES! YOU BRING OUT THE HOMINAL EEN ME!
GEE, THEY CAN REALLY BLEED A GAG DRY, EH?
LISTEN, MARV! YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN ON THIS SHOW! HOW ABOUT LETTING ME REACH IN AND PICK OUT THE NEXT LUSCIOUS CREATURE? HUH, MARV?
HOW'S ABOUT IT, MARV, BWAH?
WHADDYA SAY?
OH, WELL! I GUESS IT REALLY COULDN'T DO MUCH HARM!
GEE, THANKS, MARV! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS!
. . . AND IN THIS CAGE, WE HAVE A TANTALIZING LITTLE SPECIMEN, FOLKS...
OH, BOY, HERE WE GO!
SHE'S PUTTING HER ARM AROUND ME...
AND NOW THE OTHER...
AND NOW ANOTHER!? HAH?
AND ANOTHER!? AND STILL ANOTHER!? OOPS!
NOW I'M IN THE CAGE WITH HER... AND SHE'S WRAPPING HER ARMS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AROUND ME!
NOW SHE'S HUGGING ME AND KISSING ME!
SHE'S SMOTHERING ME WITH AFFECTION!
AND NOW SHE'S... OH, NO!
GOOD LORD!
MMMPH!
GOSH, MARV! I LIKE YOUR FRIEND! HE... URRPP! HE BRINGS OUT THE HUMAN BEING IN ME!
HALP! MARV! GET ME OUT OF HERE!
HMMM! IT MUST BE JIM... 'CAUSE JELLYFISH DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT!
THE END

Continuing with its established policy of presenting its own satirical versions of the kind of columns appearing in newspapers throughout the country, Panic magazine now offers the "Advice to the Worried Mother" type article. This worthless bit of Pseudo-Child Psychology is usually entitled something like:

BRINGING UP BABYKINS

By Emma Noldmaid

Your child need not be a feeding problem. Really. I know. Why, with just a little applied psychology, you can solve your child-feeding problem as easily as I solved mine.

Perhaps your child is the "Grandstand Reviewer" type eater. This is a common type of feeding problem. You know the kind. Just as you're bringing that precarious spoonful of creamed string beans from his hot-plate to his little rose-bud mouth, the darling tyke does a sudden eyes right, and you plaster the stuff all over his chubby little left cheek.

Or perhaps your sweet dumpling is the "Ebbet's Field" type eater. This little dear eagerly leans forward for that heaping helping of chopped spinach, and then, in the manner of a Brooklyn rooter at Ebbet's Field greeting Leo Durocher and his Giants, he distributes said helping over kitchen walls, ceiling, floor, and your brand new nylon blouse, accompanying this gay action with a sound usually referred to as a "Bronx Cheer."

Or perhaps your darling is the "Saboteur" type eater. While you're patiently concentrating your attentions on getting him to open his clamped-tight mouth so you can spoon in some strained liver and applesauce, he's calmly taking big handfuls of the precious stuff from his hot-plate and surrepticiously dropping it in your lap.

Or perhaps your little boy or girl is the "Borrowing" type eater. Happily, you place spoonful after spoonful of all kinds baby foods into his eager little mouth, marvelling at his appetite and your good fortune. But then, slowly, to your utter dismay, he returns said spoonfuls in one long continuous oozing glob, down chin, bib, pants, seat, and floor, smiling sweetly as you stew.

Perhaps your child is another kind of feeding problem, one not covered by the aforementioned classifications. In any case, he *need not be!* Feeding can be accomplished quickly and effectively. You merely have to do what I do.

Use a little applied psychology. Tie the little brat's hands to his highchair and ram the goo down his throat!

(DASHING HERO-TYPE MOVIES DEPT. (THE NEEDLE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD! DIVISION): HOLLYWOOD SEEMS TO HAVE ABANDONED THE BLOOD-AND-THUNDER FORMULA FOR MORE SEDATE METHODS OF STORY-TELLING. THE *SWASHBUCKLE* HAS BEEN REPLACED BY THE *SASH BUCKLE*... A SHOW OF *PASSIONS* HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A SHOW OF *FASHIONS*... AND *BOLD TUSSLES* HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO *GOLD TASSLES*. ALL IN ALL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE MOVIE-MAKERS HAVE BEATEN THEIR *SWORDS* INTO *PINKING-SHEARS*... OR SO IT WOULD SEEM AFTER SEEING THEIR LATEST EPIC...

"BO BUMMEL"

-OR- "MUCH ADO ABOUT CLOTHING"

THE PRINCE OF WALES IS VISIBLY IRKED AT THIS WASTE OF PERFECTLY GOOD DONUTS. AND SO... WHEN THE REGIMENT LINES UP FOR INSPECTION...

FAIRLY NICE RIDING, CAPTAIN BUMMEL... BUT YOU WERE SLOPPY AND AWKWARD! YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO FORM!

IT'S THESE RIDICULOUS EPAULETS, SIRE! THEY DON'T FIT THIS TYPE OF UNIFORM! IN FACT, THE UNIFORM IS SUFFERING FROM BAD EPAULETIC FITS!

WHAT?! CAPTAIN BUMMEL, DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO DESIGNED THIS UNIFORM?!

PROBABLY SOME FAT JERK WHO FELT THESE RIDICULOUSLY LARGE EPAULETS WOULD HAVE A SLIMMING EFFECT! SOMEONE SLOPPY AND AWKWARD ... WITH ABSOLUTELY NO FORM!

UPSON DOWNS

PLEASE REPLACE DIVOTS

I DESIGNED THE UNIFORM MYSELF, CAPTAIN BUMMEL... AND THIS IS RANK INSUBORDINATION! CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER ARREST!

I'VE BEEN UNDER ARREST EVER SINCE I PUT ON THESE TIGHT PANTS!

CAPTAIN BUMMEL! I ORDER YOU TO BE STRIPPED OF YOUR UNIFORM IN FRONT OF THE ENTIRE REGIMENT! YOU'RE THROUGH! WASHED UP! FINISHED! DUSTED!

FINE CLOTH... WASHABLE FINISHED WORSTED!

RIP!

AND SO, BEFORE THE EYES OF HIS FELLOW OFFICERS, 'BO' BUMMEL SUFFERS THE UNSPEAKABLE DISGRACE OF BEING STRIPPED OF HIS UNIFORM. MOSTLY HE'S DISGRACED BECAUSE THIS CATCHES HIM WEARING HIS LONG RED UNDERWEAR WHICH CLASHES TERRIBLY WITH HIS CHARTREUSE EYE BALLS...

I HOPE THE BROOKS BROTHERS DON'T GET WIND OF THIS!

THAT NIGHT, LADY ELIZABETH COMES TO SEE BO...

SAY! NOW THERE'S A UNIFORM I LIKE!

OH, THIS OLD DRESS! IT'S REALLY NOTHING!

THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT!

BO! YOU REALLY MUST TRY TO GET BACK INTO THE PRINCE'S GOOD GRACES! WRITE HIM AN APOLOGY! SEND HIM FLOWERS! BUY HIM AN E.C. SUBSCRIPTION!

NEVER! I CANNOT COMPROMISE MY IMPECCABLE TASTE IN CLOTHING... NOT EVEN FOR A FUTURE KING! AND TAKE OFF THOSE EARRINGS!

BUT... BUT, BO! THE ARMY IS YOUR LIFE! WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO? HOW WILL YOU EARN YOUR LIVELIHOOD?

WHAT OTHER WORK CAN YOU DO?

HAVE YOU EVER WORKED FOR A PROFIT-MAKING ORGANIZATION?

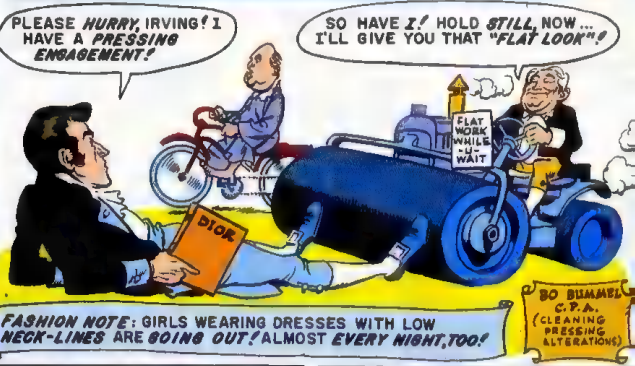
DO YOU DEAL IN SERVICES?

DOES THIS THING YOU DO MAKE PEOPLE HAPPIER?

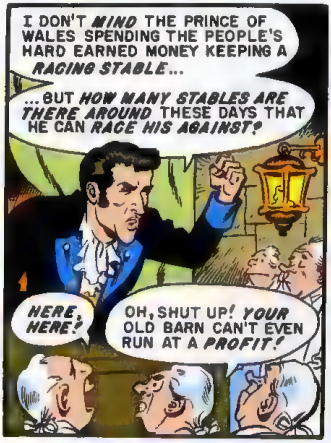
IS IT BIGGER THAN A BREAD-BOX?

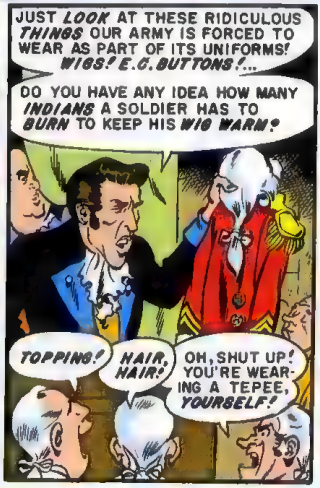
...AND I'M NOT WEARING EARRINGS!

AND SO, WITH BUT 14 SHILLINGS, HIS FAITHFUL VALET, IRVING, AND 3,862 SUITS TO HIS NAME, BO PREPARES TO LAUNCH HIMSELF ON A POLITICAL CAREER WHICH IS DESTINED TO ROCK THE ROYAL COURT TO ITS VERY FOUNDATIONS...

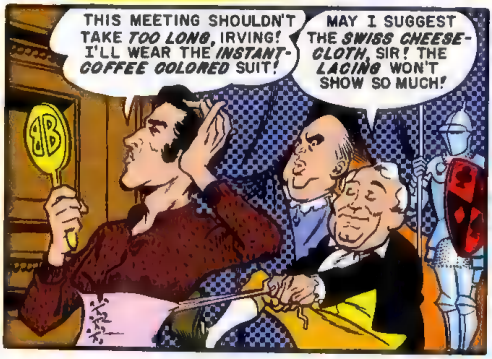


BO'S SPEECHES ARE THE TALK OF LONDON...





NEWS OF BO'S SPEECHES REACH THE PRINCE AND HE ORDERS THE EX-CAVALRY OFFICER BROUGHT BEFORE HIM. THIS CREATES A PROBLEM FOR BO! WHAT TO WEAR WHEN ONE IS TO BE CHEWED OUT?!

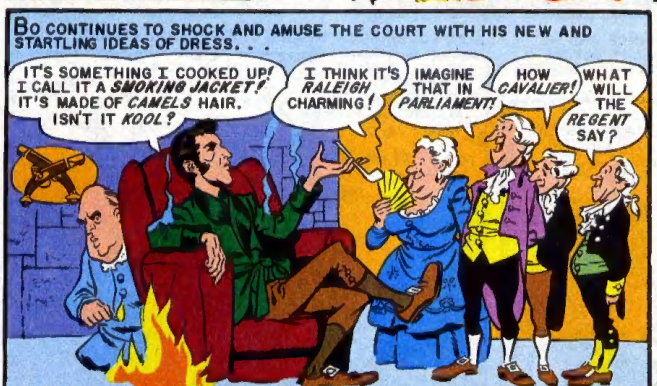


AND SO, BO GOES BEFORE THE FURIOUS PRINCE...

AND SO, AT THAT MEETING IS BORN A DEEP AND ABIDING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE FUTURE MONARCH AND THE EX-CAVALRY OFFICER... A FRIENDSHIP WHICH IS TO ENDURE FOR MANY, MANY YEARS...AND ABOUT WHICH LORD BYRON IS TO LATER PEN THE IMMORTAL SONNET...

BO THROWS HIMSELF INTO HIS NEW DUTIES WITH HIS ACCUSTOMED VIGOR AND PASSION FOR CLEANLINESS AND GOOD GROOMING...

BO CONTINUES TO SHOCK AND AMUSE THE COURT WITH HIS NEW AND STARTLING IDEAS OF DRESS...



PUZZLE: WHICH POPULAR BRAND OF CIGARETTES DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

ANSWER: CHESTERFIELD! IF YOU GUESSED IT, IT WAS A LUCKY STRIKE!

LADY ELIZABETH COMES TO BO'S RESIDENCE AND PLEADS WITH HIM TO CURB HIS LAVISH, RECKLESS SPENDING.

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE *HERE*, LET ME SHOW YOU MY *HOUSE!* NOTICE THE DECORATIONS IN *THIS* ROOM! THE WALLS ARE *LIVER MAROON*... THE CEILING, *HEART RED*... THE DRAPES, *TONGUE PINK*... THE RUG, *KIDNEY YELLOW*... AND THE UPHOLSTERY, *VEIN BLUE*. I CALL THIS THE *"ORGAN ROOM"!*

I *THINK* I'M GOING TO BE *SICK!*

NOT *HERE!* IN THE *"SICK ROOM"*...

Drawing Room

... AND THIS IS THE *MUSIC ROOM?*

OH? DO YOU *PLAY?*

NOT *HERE!* IN THE *"RUMPUS" ROOM!*

LADY! I *ADORE* YOU! I *LOVE* YOU! *MARRY ME*, ELIZABETH... AND BE MY *TAILOR!*

OOPS! *SORRY*, M.G.M.!

NO, BO! *NO GO! OH! NO!* I'M NOT *INTERESTED* IN RIDING A *HURRICANE* ON A *TOSSING SEA*... MOUNTAINOUS *WAVES* LASHING AT MY *SECURITY*... TOSSING ME FROM *CREST TO CREST*... *THIS WAY AND THAT*... *UP AND*... DOWN... GULP...

WHERE ARE YOU *GOING?*

I JUST REMEMBERED I FORGOT TO BUY THE LATEST ISSUE OF *PIRACY?*

BUMMELL, DETERMINED TO MAKE LADY ELIZABETH HIS BRIDE, DECIDES TO TRY TO WHEEDLE A TITLE OUT OF HIS FRIEND, THE PRINCE...

NOW *WHAT'S* ALL THIS ABOUT WANTING ME TO BESTOW A *TITLE* UPON YOU, BO?

YOU'VE *GOT TO*, PRINCE, BWAH! I'M IN LOVE WITH *LADY ELIZABETH*, AND SHE WON'T *HAVE* ME WITHOUT A *TITLE!*

SORRY, BO, BWAH! ALL THE FERSHLUGGINER TITLES ARE *USED UP!* I *ALREADY HAVE* A *DUKE* OF *ELLINGTON*, A *COUNT* OF *BASIE* AND AN *EARL* OF *BOSTIC*...

SO!! AFTER 12 YEARS OF DEVOTION, THIS IS THE *THANKS* I GET! 12 YEARS OF GOING THROUGH *THICK* AND *THICKER* WITH YOU! 12 YEARS OF PICKING OUT *CLOTHES* THAT MIGHT MAKE THAT *FAT FIGURE OF YOURS* A LITTLE LESS *HIDEOUS!*

I THINK IT'S *13* YEARS, BO...

THIRTEEN, SHMIRTEEN! GET OUT! NEVER DARKEN MY PASTEL TINTED DOOR AGAIN!

IF YOU *LIT UP*, I COULD MAKE YOU A *MARQUIS* OF *THEATERS!*

AND SO, THE FRIENDSHIP IS BROKEN. LORD BYRON, THE POET... INTIMATE FRIEND OF BOTH BO AND THE PRINCE... TRIES TO INTERVENE IN AN EFFORT TO RECONCILIATE THE TWO...

WHY, IN YOUR WRATH, DID YOUR FRIEND YOU BELITTLE? WHY, IN YOUR WRATH, CAN'T YOU UNBEND A LITTLE?

TIGHT PANTS!

AS A TOKEN OF PEACE, WHY NOT GIVE HIM YOUR SCIMITAR? BOY, IT'S TOUGH WRITING POEMS IN IAMBIC PENTIMETER!

NEVER! I INTEND TO KEEP THIS CAVALRY SWORD AS A REMINDER OF THE DAY THAT FAT FRIEND OF YOURS HUMILIATED ME IN FRONT OF MY ENTIRE REGIMENT!

AD LIBS

DUE TO A TOAD

AND SO, PLAGUED WITH DEBTS, BO BUMMEL EXILES HIMSELF FROM THE ENGLAND HE LOVES AND THE FRIENDS HE HOLDS DEAR, SELLING HIS REMAINING POSSESSIONS TO PAY FOR HIS AND IRVING'S CROSSING TO CALAIS...

Calais Thatawais

LADY ELIZABETH MARRIES A TITLED GENTLEMAN, THE PRINCE BECOMES KING, AND THE YEARS GO BY. THE NAME OF BO BUMMELL IS ALMOST COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN.

MANY YEARS LATER, WE FIND BUMMEL IN A FRENCH GARRET... COLD, HUNGRY, FEVERISH WITH CONSUMPTION... AND ONLY HIS OLD FAITHFUL RETAINER IRVING TO LOOK AFTER HIM...

COUGH... COUGH... CHOKE... GAGGG... MY SICKNESS IS GETTING WORSE! IS THERE ANYTHING LEFT TO EAT, IRVING?

NO, M'LORD! WE FINISHED THE LAST PAIR OF SHOES YOU OWNED YESTERDAY!

LOOK, IRVING! IT SAYS IN THE "DAILY PARISITE" THAT THE KING IS MAKING A WORLD TOUR... AND HE'S COMING HERE... TO CALAIS! I MUST SEE HIM, IRVING... COUGH, COUGH...

PLEASE, SIRE... DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF! YOU HEARD WHAT DOCTOR LE BOULLANVIER SAID...!

I HEARD HIM! BUT WHO COULD UNDERSTAND HIM!? HE SAID IT IN FRENCH!

BLESS OUR CRUMMY DUMP

KILROY WAS

Paris Sights

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, OUR HERO IS THE OLD BO... SPIRITED... VITAL... ONCE AGAIN CHOOSING HIS ENSEMBLE WITH METICULOUS CARE...

I MUST PICK AN OUTFIT THAT BLENDS PLEASINGLY WITH MY PRESENT CONDITION, IRVING! LET'S SEE...

LAY OUT THE BLOOD-SHOT RED JACKET AND THE 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW-STRIPE TROUSERS!

THEY'LL GO WELL WITH THE JAUNDICE-YELLOW MUFFLER...

MUSTERING HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH, BO STAGGERS DOWN THE STAIRS. NEW FOUND ENERGY COURSES THROUGH HIS SICKLY LIMBS AT THE PROSPECTS OF SEEING A FAMILIAR FACE AGAIN...

GASP! COUGH! HACK! WHEEZE! CHOKE!

HEY! TOULOUSE! GET OFF LA TREC!

AMERICAN GO HOME

10 PIG ALLEY

HIS OLD FRIEND, THE PRINCE OF WALES ... NOW KING OF ENGLAND ... RECOGNIZES A FAMILIAR FACE ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD...

LOOK! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW STANDING OVER THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE ... LIKE...

BUT, NO! IT COULDN'T BE...!

IT IS! IT'S BO BUMMELL!

OH! I THOUGHT YOU MEANT THAT GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE NAPOLEON! WHO'S BO BUMMELL?

OVERCOME BY EMOTION, BO CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND...

HELLO, BO! WHAT'S NEW? YOU'RE LOOKING CHIPPER!

DON'T PRETEND... COUGH, COUGH... OLD FRIEND! I KNOW I AM NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD! JUST LOOK HOW I AM PERSPIRING! I'M BATHED IN A POOL OF SWEAT! I'M RINGING WET!

DON'T BE A DAMP FOOL, BO! YOU'RE LYING IN A MUD-PUDDLE!

I'M SUFFERING FROM CONSUMPTION, YOUR MAJESTY!

CONSUMPTION BE DONE ABOUT IT, BO?

RUE DE DAY

THAT REMAINS T.B. SEEN, SIRE!

GOOD OLD BO! YOU HAVEN'T LOST THAT WITTY, BRASH SENSE OF HUMOR, HAVE YOU?

RUE MORGUE

NO, BUT I LOST MY WITTY BROS. SUITS OF CLOTHES, GEORGE, BWAH!

DON'T WORRY, BO, BWAH! WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK IN ENGLAND AND FIXED UP GOOD AS NEW! YOU KNOW, I'M KING NOW!

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

ALL OF YOUR OLD FRIENDS ARE HERE!

YOU MEAN LADY ELIZABETH IS HERE?

YES, BO...

AND LORD MERCER IS HERE?

YES, BO...

AND MR. PITT IS HERE?

YES, BO...

AND MR. FOX IS HERE?

YES, BO...

AND LORD BYRON IS HERE?

YES, BO...

THEN THERE'S JUST ONE THING I WANT TO KNOW BEFORE I DIE, GEORGE, OLD BOY...

YES, BO...?

SO WHO'S WATCHING THE HABERDASHERY STORE?

-THE END-